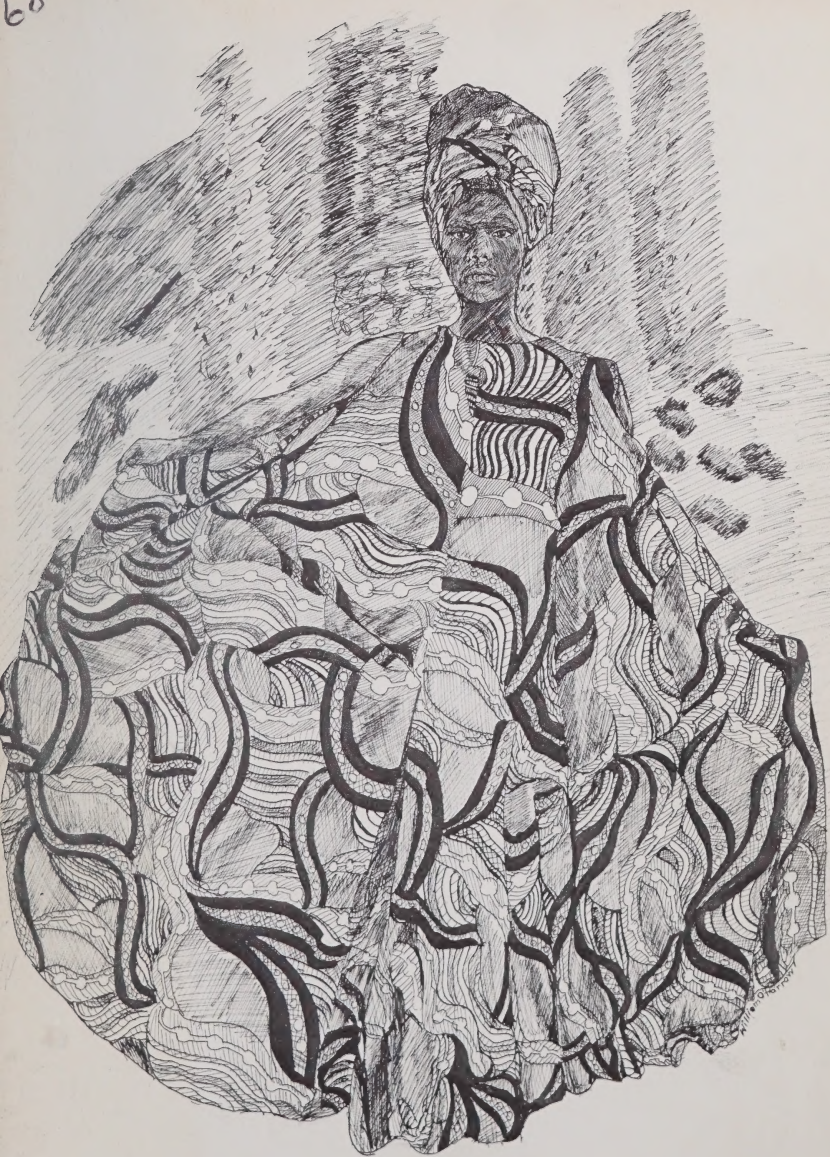




ex umbra



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The magazine of the arts,
North Carolina College at Durham

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Volume six Number one Winter 1968

Idiocy is the inability
to face reality until it kills you.

There's a wind calling me
And the noise is very strong.
Can't you all hear it?
It's calling a long line of us

And I believe we all hear it too.
Look at sista changing that hair
And brother finally seeing that he's a Man
He's big, he's strong.

Even little children know who they are
They say it loud that they are proud.
That wind rings in my heart
It rings in my soul
This wind is telling me
mortally rich inspirations
of what I am going to be.
Wind keeps calling
"Come home my children of the East."

Dora Ann Hinson



AFRO AMERICAN BOOKSTORE TRIP

On the Black block
 of Artic
stands an odd puffed up
 storefront with deep black
searching eyes pulling the curious
 the adventures.

Once you're through the doors
 Malcolm is the first to greet you.
 the first of the great 30 X 30 that strikes out-

YOU BLACK MAN YEA, FOR THE BROTHERS MORE SO THAN
OTHERS

Some bow as traitors of the cause
others stand by in shame
many stand tall, stout and shout, "SALAAM"!
as their Afro garbs clean the wooden base floor.

Multi-colored pieces sway on fine soft
 black bodies—
 arraying the cubistic forms of
 soulful people
 of woe and struggle.

The eyes of Black Jesus peer down
 and condemn.

A Christian disciple is found
guilty of displeasing ALLAH.

The room now, and inferno
 fervently heated by the
 steam colored walls and
 black literature
Is softened and soothed
 by the serving of iced tea and gingerbread.
"Yeh, man, the black brothers have strayed."

TURN EASTWARD TURN EASTWARD BROTHER FROM WHENCE YOU
CAME

Fanon points the finger and leaves
the sign — BEWARE
DuBois stretches forth and cries loud and clear
that black folk do have souls.

Malcolm rises up and defends
the trip to the Holy Land—
now

Jones (No longer thinking of the dead lecturer) becomes
the bright, young, living lecturer.

Several large hands pat the backs of soul brothers as
they pass.

Be proud
Be aware
Be beautifully black

Now "processed minds" can join the club
(fleeing from the shallow draft and verbal intoxication)
ONLY \$1.00 DOWN AND A PENNY UNTIL YOU ARE DRUNK
WHOLLY AGAIN.

William H. Gay

Our House

Deep in the backwoods of hate
Lies my house and my fate
Rats, Roaches, and Dirt.

John Brewer

hon
kies
are
white
ass
holes
add
ed
to
the
wall
pa
per.

Glenn, Angela Burtina



Symposium

Niggers shouting
Honkeys pouting
PHDs scheming
Colored folks dreaming
Uncle Toms creeping
False Mama leaping
Black Power's weakening.
Why?

John Brewer

MY PRIDE

My daddy drinks
Old sister stinks
My mama fled
Big Brother's dead
My dog's sick
The dirt's thick
No clothes to wear
No love to share.
Why?

John Brewer



My Piece of Life

A sun comes
A moon shines
A rat bites
Black voices fight
Police don't care
Smoke fills the air
No food to share.
Why?

John Brewer

Weekend

Niggers running to leave
Silly girls hustling petticoats back.
—Back! to the woods of chickens and goats
—Back! to the dark corners of despair
Way back in booze, broads, and dope.
Who will be here to fight?
There is a revolution right now.
How can we win? we all are going back for a
Weekend.

John Brewer

A Black Woman's Pleasure

A Black woman's pleasure
is pleasing her Black man.
A Black woman's pleasure
is bringing hope to her king.
A Black woman's pleasure
is standing beside her Ebony Wonder.
A Black woman's pleasure
is her Blackness—Personified.

Norma Stewart

There was a time in my life when I
Wanted to experiment with passion.
I felt I was a woman and a man
had to satisfy my needs.
I never got around to it.
Society's code of morals choked me.

Dora Ann Hinson

Fool's Fool

More niggers kill niggers
than honkies kill niggers
cause niggers hate niggers
and honkies hate niggers
 but a honkie figures
why should I kill a nigger?
when I can get another nigger
 to pull the trigger
it's safer and slicker
 that way
and then I figure
 that one day
I'll kill the nigger
that pulled the trigger
and eliminate them all that way.

Alvin Rush

I Have

Have you ever had a **Rat** eat
your barbecued spareribs?
 i have
Have you ever had ceiling plaster
Fall on your head as you sat
On the toilet shiting?
 i have
Have you ever had a **Rat** gnaw his
way through your brand new Woolworth's
\$2.98 trash can?
 i have
Have you ever had someone throw an
Old Trunk off their fire escape on
the fifth floor and have it land in
your kitchen window on the first floor?
 i have
Have you ever had a punk
snatch your brand new hot
\$30.00 wig off your head
and sell it?
 i have
Have you ever had a white landlord
bang on your door at eight in
the morning asking for the rent?
 i have
Have you ever lived in Harlem?
 i have

Melia Mines

A BEGINNER'S ADVENTURE

By

James Parker.

Four boys, darting aimlessly in an open field, stopped and faced a wood. When a fifth came toward them, a crooked semi-circle was formed leaving ample room for him. The boys seemed to listen as the fifth man talked and gave directions. This was Dash.

"We'll have to walk the pipe."

They started toward the wood, pairing off: Frank and Winfred, Coot and Dash, leaving the smallest among them, Spud, to himself as he listened to the older boys.

"Did you hear that Spud?" Winfred said. "We have to walk the pipe."

He did not look at Winfred, but gaped at Dash and Coot.

"Hey Dash?—Dash?—you said we won't going to walk the pipes."

"I know it, but it rained yesterday."

"How high are the pipes?" Spud asked.

"They not too high," Dash said, "except in the middle.

That's the highest part."

Coot looked past Dash, at Spud. "You don't have nothin' to worry about. Shoot! I remember when I went across. I was scared. Everybody was scared, me, Dash and Frank." His consolation did not seem to work.

"That's right Spud," Frank added. "We were all scared." He seemed to take pride in being among the first to cross the pipe. The boys walked. They were now in deeper growth. The small oaks were branching further out and briars began to block the path. But Dash continued to cut through, being careful not to let disturbed branches jerk back into the following boys. Distance and curves gradually separated them. And Spud, in the rear, could only follow by the sound of breaking twigs.

After a while, they came to a miniature swamp: stagnant water, rotten logs, high grass, and unseen mud.

"How we goin' to get 'cross here Dash?" Frank was panting. Dash did not answer, but went searching for something. He disappeared momentarily and came back with a large board. Coot went to help him tote it. They threw it over the muddy stream and went across.

"We better wait for Spud," Frank said.

They waited. Spud was not coming. The boys started calling and Spud called back until he reached them.

"Spud! Watch out!"

The warning was too late; his entire foot was planted in the black mud. He snatched it up, quickly, and stepped back.

"Go over to your right some," Coot directed. "There's a board you can come across on."

"But suppose I fall in."

"Oh come on 'cross here," Winfred demanded. "You ain't got nothin' to be scared of."

"Just don't look down," Dash said.

"That's right," Coot added.

Spud put one foot on the board and then the other, shaking. "I can't make it Dash."

"Yes you can, don't look down."

He started again, each foot gradually sliding before the other until he was across. Spud lunged to the bank of damp earth.

"See, that all you had to do. Just don't look down and you'll make it everytime," Dash said, pulling Spud to higher ground. "Now let's go."

They started again at a faster pace, repeating the same performance—dodging briars, ducking branches and treading water. Dash, still leading, bellowed out: "We're coming to the pipe."

And there it was, presenting itself to them, the pipe: a long black tentacle hooking its way across a wide soggy ravine. Dash ran alongside of it and hoisted himself to the top. The others followed except Spud and Winfred. They stood back watching as Dash, Coot and Frank walked adroitly along. Coot hollered back: "Come on, don't be scared."

Spud was about to start when Winfred said: "You better crawl across first."

The other boys had stopped to watch. "Don't listen to Winfred. He crawled his first time, that's all."

When this was said, Winfred hopped up on the pipe and started to walk. Spud started behind him, less sure of himself.

"Don't look down," Dash shouted.

Spud continued, half-stepping and half-holding back. He looked up, saw the thin telegraph lines, and felt extended in mid-air. He could almost taste the salty feeling in him as the urine started to run. It stopped when: "I tol'ja to look straight ahead." It was Dash again.

Spud stopped, then started again, each step following the other very smoothly. The others waited for him.

"Come on and get in front of me," said Dash. Spud hurried his steps, looking ahead, still very smoothly. He passed Winfred, who had started to crawl (they were laughing at him— even Spud, laughing as he passed).

"Ole Winfred is scared."

Spud stepped across and around him, smiling, more at his progress than at Winfred. He soon reached the end and jumped to the ground; his legs almost gave away. But he resumed a manly composure and watched as the boys jumped from the pipe pounding the ground like paratroopers. Every one was down but Winfred; he came slowly crawling and stood up near the end. They all laughed hysterically: Dash supported by a tree, Frank leaning against the pipe, and Coot on the ground kicking up damp leaves and pine needles.

Winfred jumped down, "Oh . . . why don't ya'll shet up and come on." That seemed funnier still.

Winfred started off by himself. The others followed, still smiling.

"Yeah, and this is his first time too," Coot said, laughing out loud.

"Oh Spud ain't beat nobody," Winfred said. "Just wait till we get 'up yonder."

They laughed. Even Winfred smiled; he thought he detected a little fear on Spud's face. They walked on, passing several blocks of houses all resembling each other. Dogs barked and children stared. Dash took the lead and found the path they were looking for.

"I'll be glad when we get 'up yonder'," Spud said, covering his anxiety. He was nervous; that salty feeling was coming back. Dash led on; Spud went around the others and walked beside him. Coot began un-buttoning his shirt. Dash and Frank did the same. They started to run; Spud ran behind. He finally saw what they were running for: a pond of green, fringed by white, water lay in their path. It curved around green and brown shruberry.

Dash, naked by now, was the first to enter. Coot and Frank followed, hitting the water almost simultaneously. Winfred continued to undress. He threw his clothes on a hanging limb, but kept his shorts on and started slowly, meticulously toward the water.

Every one was in now but Spud: Dash farthesed out, Winfred hugging the banks with Coot and Frank in between.

"Com'on in."

"Ah, he ain't comin' in," Winfred said.

"You said you wanted to come with us, didn't you Spud."

Spud nodded. "Is the water cold?"

Dash had stopped stroking, "Yeah, but you'll get used to it, just com' on in."

Spud undressed quickly. "I'm coming."

Winfred watched, unbelieving. "He ain' comin'in."

Spud started his work: he stepped slowly, letting the soft mud settle between his toes; reaching the water, he splashed in, holding his nose, closing his eyes, leveling off. When he started to sink, he stood up; the mud oozed between his toes once more. Dash and Coot hurried over to him.

"That ain't the way you do it. Now listen . . ." Dash grabed him by the waist. "Now when you hold your breath, don't grab your nose with your hands—you've got to swim with them, Just do this," Dash sucked in a noseful of air and ducked his head under the water. After a while he brought it up. "Now you try it." Spud mimicked Dash: he ducked his head under, but brought it out quickly, "How was that?" He shook his head like a soaked dog.

"That was good, but you got to stay under longer."

They practiced it until Dash was satisfied.

"Now Coot you get his shoulders while I get his waist."

"Wait Dash — just wait!" Spud demanded.

"I got you through breathing didn't I, and I can get you through this."

Spud co-operated. Winfred watched. Frank smiled.

"Now carry your arms under and over."

"Not too fast."

Dash continued to hold his waist. "When I let you go, I want you to kick and keep moving your arms like you doing now."

They let him go; he splashed awkwardly forward. Dash shouted at him: "No! No! you going to fast. Now com'on back here so I can show you again. . . ."

Winfred continued to look on. "Ah you can't teach him nothing. Dash paid no attention. . . ."

CONTRADICTION

You're Black and white
ignorant and bright
weak and strong
right and wrong
quiet and loud
humble and proud
enslaved and free
I'm Blind and I can see!
That you're confused
Alvin Rush

Life and Death,
travel together hand in hand
over the world of man,
laughing at his foolish plight
In the game of the Gods.
Alvin Rush



Honkies and Flies

If there are two things that I do despise
these two things are honkies and flies
now the more I see honkies
the more I realize
that honkies are just flies in disguise
eating the decay of stolen black lives.

Alvin Rush

BLACK PSYCHOPATH

Main stream
Niggers Dream
Got . . .
Funkie Fuck
Phobia . . .
Main stream
Niggers cream
Fags, black pimps
Screw
White warlords
Black bitches
Screw
White whores
Charles Stokes

Nigger's Place

Shit on my doorstep
Like stacked lemons
Piss on my door
Like morning dew
The taste of stink
Makes me think
What Luck! What shame!
The honkey's to blame!
I can't stand it—I'll die—
Still stink and funk—
And funk and stink—
Can I— Oh can I kill it?
Or should I or should I
Kill Him?

John Brewer

Harassment

When you see a honkie on the street
Stop and stare
Stare at his pasty white skin
Stare at his grubby red neck
Stare at those cruddy pink lips
Stare at his pudgy white face
and watch him turn red.

Resist

Resist the straightening comb
Resist the bleaching cream
Resist the Toms and Jemimas
Resist the false white values
AND BE BLACK!

Hostility

Pent up black emotions.
released after decades of supression.
in the face of a 200 pound honkie cop
by a 97 pound black woman.
cause her nigger man's
drunk and in jail.

Alvin Rush

Exaspiration "68"

A beautiful black woman sits next to me.

I know it; she doesn't.

She tries to hide behind the white falsehood
thereby making it reality.

Why?

She hides her beatiful blackness behind a white
wooden mask.

Still her blackness is overpowering
I love the vivid blackness of her being
I hate the whitemask.

Unfortunately the two are in inseperable.

So I get up and leave.

I leave a beautiful black woman who looks like an ugly white
bitch.

Alvin Rush





A seed
Scorched by the merciless
Heat of the desert,
Pounded by the shifting sands,
Lashed ferociously by arid winds and
Drowned by gurgling torrents
May one day dawn a flower.

Gregor Hannibal



The Turn Down

Woman! I wanted to take you to the farthest star.
But you would rather sit on a pedestal.
I offered you a ride on the wings of your mind to a gig up in the sky.
But you would rather keep your feet on the ground and your
Head in the clouds.

SO FUCK YOU BITCH I'LL GO ALONE

Alvin Rush



BLACK MUSIC

Ugh! Ah! Ugh! Ah!
Sock it to me!
Ugh Ah! Ugh! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Oh-h-h-h
Soul man, soul.
Ugh Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Wholeness.

Charles Stokes

YOUR LIFE

Grandfather's old overalls spent many days on grandmother's knee, suffering from lye-soap's mythological disorganization. Each strand cut from those overalls placed papa a little closer to his peace, releasing his rigid weakness, pausing from years of work, matting the blue heaven babies, longing bloomed through soft candle light where papa fought, beer bottles, wine cups, and sour milk jugs. Yes, the old overalls played as Molly Bee's babe for 83 long years and thundered through papa's eardrums with the **sound of death**.

Glenn, Angela Burtina

Class Participation

I am afraid to blow the white dandelion fearing
that its casual blossom may anger my silent
revolt on its flat surface of mingling adjectives.
I am tired of that dead messenger trying to preach
to me what he thinks I want to hear.
I am worried about the turning windmill which
scans the sky's surface in search of fresh air
With these criminal segments, a losing fetus is
digested in the pulp of a reconstructed era.
Rest my case on the table of my black mama's aim
and brand my body with the dirty-salty sweat of
impurity that any blind man's life may be lost
on the hills of flowering leaves longing never
to escape my pregnant body.

Glenn, Angela Burtina

My treasure is an unending existence,
Allowed lasting Glory and fame that will live!
An enriched life that each mortal
Must and will endure.
Somewhere, across time, across discrimination,
Across color lines
I will get my share.
Corrupted to my soul, I cry. . .
God of Glory, God of immortality,
Creator of light, Help me!
I am the voice of the damned, the prosecuted
The Corrupted.

Dora Ann Hinson

(Untitled)

Striped cinnamon beauty,
Micrin woman of the world next door,
Rich earth covers your feet.
Your beauty is that of an
Un-pollinated flower,
And I long to transfer
My store of pollen to your heart,
And cultivate you at my leisure
In my garden.

Gregor Hannibal

My Bag

I am
no more
than what
my heart feels

No
matter how much
I disapprove
or refuse
to accept
this fact.

I
can do
no more
than what
I know.

And
I can't
do what
I don't
know.

When
I find myself
going for myself—
I then
know that
this is
my bag.

I am Corrupted
corrupted to the soul
corrupted to the soul
corrupted to the soul
I gaze across endless shores
Trying to find a peace
But for me there is no peace.

I am afraid.
Afraid of darkness,
Afraid of words,
Afraid of starring eyes.
Stars reach out through time up there,
Somewhere to countless worlds.
Looking upward I see storms.
Storms that cause destruction,
Storms that injured many and caused love to cease,
Storms that destroyed me.

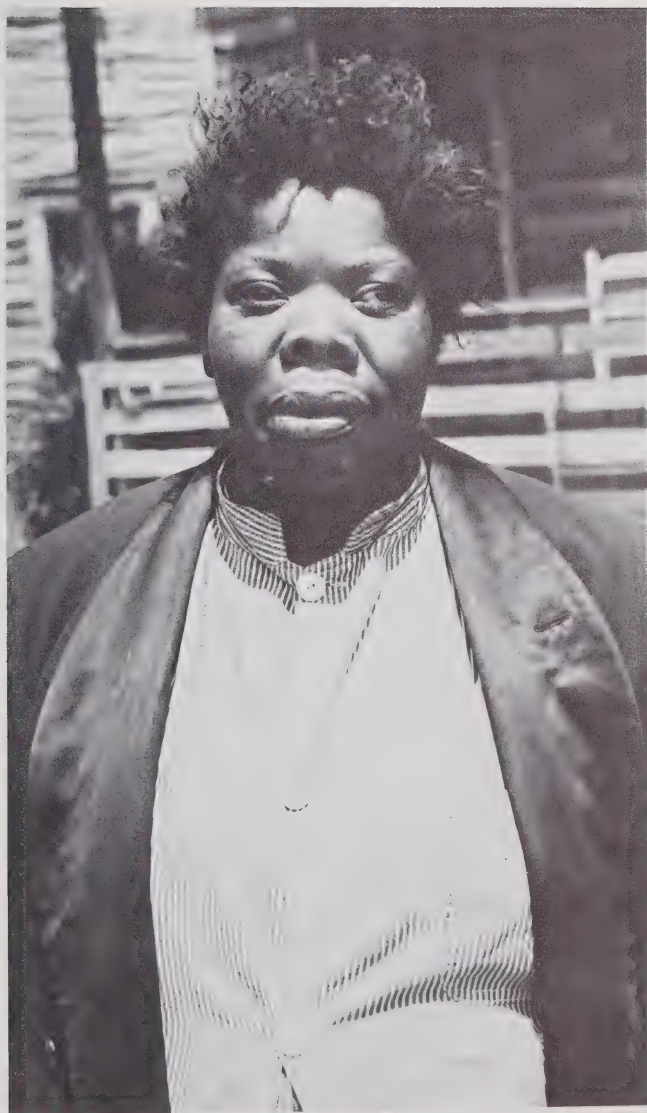
I seek my treasure,
The treasure I hope to find,
The treasure I will find,
The treasure that will be mine!

Dora Ann Hinson

(Untitled)

Mathematically exact percussions
Of time beat within my soul
As the needle of my curiosity
Floats in the groove of my being.

Gregor Hannibal



We could see you coming down
the road every afternoon!
They, the other three, would run
to meet you.
So glad to see you everyday.
I would not, I could not!
Because, I knew!

2

We would watch television with
you every evening!
They, the other three, would sit
on your lap!
So proud to be with you.
I would not, I could not!
Because, I knew!

3

I hated you because your hands
were calloused.
I hated you because I was only ten,
and I could say bigger and better
words than you.
I hated you because you let mama rule us —
 You let mama
 Be smarter
 work harder
 whip us harder
 and
 connive white people farther
I HATED YOU !

4

Now father, I am a woman
I turn and I look at you
and I love you!
I understand what happened to you!
You were beaten and destined for that
slave role before you were born
Because you were Black!
I now understand those tears
you sometimes shed
Because you knew, as I thought I knew!

Life

Life is the long hard struggle
from nothing to nowhere for no reason,
just to be doing something.



The fear of death increases horribly when
I close my eyes at night
In the ground
With dirt over my head
And worms in my soul.

Alvin Rush

3 Strikes

Three strikes and you're out
 cried the man
One is ambiguity
Two is Jesus
three is whiteness
 you are out Nigger.
Stop shouting
 frigging out like faggots
stop trying
 to break in the main stream
You're out fool.
 Nigger your women are gone!
just like cool-aid their gone
 Black Orge bitches stink,
remind me of sewer water
 Old fashioned Niggers die!
shoot acid in your veins
 Church Niggers repent
while you're snuffed out like a cigarette
 Dopie Niggers Dance
be useless puppets on a string
 Pitch God

John Brewer

DESTRUCTION

The foolish world stood,
Facing the mirror of time.
A chaotic history reflected
Yet, she turned her back
In search of the ultimate goal—
 —DESTRUCTION

Soul is blackness
 —and the beauty thereof.

The white man is a slave to money
 —the Black man a slave to dreams.
Philip Henry



A Try

I am going to try to be Black each day, each hour
With all the soul and Black Power
Which my Black heroes gave me
I am going to be Black
I am, I will try or die.

I am going to be the Angel that will light life's way
For all my brothers and sisters
So they can laugh and pray
To the God of all our people
The God that loves us today.
I am, I will try or die.

I just gotta feel my soul burn so deep in me
Until I will rise and really let myself be,
Be black and proud and yet still kicking
For our God to look and see
A Black nappy headed sista
Saying
"Hey God This is Me"
Black at
Last.

Dora Ann Hinson

Life is beautiful, inexhaustible
The poet sees beyond the sunset
He is universal

Brenda Jean Buie



Wm. O'Farrow

TO THE BLACK WOMAN

A lonely face of existence calls you
and begs you to come to its side;
the face of a black man asked you,
black woman, what has our life been?
a plan, a plot, a holy rubber?
NO! ! ! ! Let's stop and combine
no more white bitches and drinking wine
no more fatherless bastards to dam this hole
no more stepin fetchits who have no soul
no more saturday nites and eyes of disgrace
no more hanging out on corners with time to waste
no more rats nibbling on and biting our asses
black and blue
no more white pigs seducing you.
It's time black woman to make our stand
It's time black woman to build a man
too long black woman we have been apart
REMEMBER

BLACK

WOMAN how we got our start
Remember how our black hairs searched for spots
and our frantic but exotic tongues
relaxed in the groove of warm lips
while
our eyes expressed our thoughts
and
our bodies became one image and we
yes our bodies were one image and
we vowed to always be together

Then Came

the beast, the pig, the fag
who took you away and snuffed
my being into the ground—and left me for dead
but I was not dead but still around and
stirring

OH BLACK WOMAN I NEED YOUR SOUL

Yes black woman let's shake this place
and express our love in a wave of grace
We will set the world AFIRE!
stop black woman and get off that jazzy stool
and show the entire world that blacks are here to rule!

John Brewer

Kill

We need people that kill
Like sprays do ants
Death, dead, double dead.
Honkey has poisoned us.
Kill him before there is
No - - - before.
Shoot him from the sky
Like hail storms,
Kill him in the bed
Like a fat roach
Split his fat face into
With an axe.
Smash any whitey uniform down
Resist no temptation.
Pour coke or acid on him
In the mill; if you won't
Do it - - - he will - - -
Sweep his towns with anger and lust
Just like his wind brings his dust.
Finally, clean this wound
Of hatred and fear.
Then bury his ashes—And live.

John Brewer, Jr.

My King, I greet you as a Black woman
that has been revolutionized in all the
naturalness of mortal things.
I greet you with beauty of natural hair,
natural body that is Black and waiting.
Black man derived from the beginning,
Love me.

I want your magnificent Black arms around me in
complete enclosure of body and soul.
Just love me my King.
Let our souls and bodies emerge into each other so
pure confinement of morals can diverge.
We can do it my King. We can do it close and warm.

I crave your chest, so let me place my face firmly
so I can feel the hot sweaty hairs press against
my face.

Let me run my hands across your back
up to your neck and explore you.

Caress my body as I defy society.

Let us kill society in a hot wave of passion
and show them that we belong.

Our bodies will become rhythmical as garments
slowly diverge.

My King, Black man of the insurrection, My King, Black
man of pride, My King, Black man of strong
mentality

You **are** the beginning.

Dora Ann Hinson



To Daddy on College Change

Melted with mountains rushing in on
Fair rank clouds, my father gave me
Chances to become a mounted piece
Of systematized culture.

I am a soldier and a continental piece
Of fire works trying to blast reasons
Out of snow flakes and ice cubes.

I am going to write an epitaph for
The world and challenge uncle
Ben's white bastards to a dual.

"Daddy!" "I love you but I don't
agree with you."

Mountains crumble like crackers and dead leaves.

VOICES

Cool, sweet sound of man
Blowing cold, blowing warm.
Like fish we jump.
Jump to be heard, to be seen.

To quench the ever growing crescendo
of life within us.
To dam the sea of soul
Break out—revolt
Let it all hang out in life
Light, a pure changing—un changing beat.

Then it drifts, echoes and sleeps
For as long as we are black
It will never die.

George E. Weaver

SEARCH AND DESTROY

Struggle within me
Something fighting to get out of my head
Don't know what I want or need or have
This thing always running, hiding, slipping
through numb fingers of my mind
Searching. . . thousand places into a million
BAGS- never there- can't get out
Do you own THING man- can't Don't
Know what MY THING is.
TRIED it—TIRED it—CHANGED—GOT it high.
DRESSED it—CARESSED it—LOVED it—HATED it—
PURSUED it—SURROUNDED it—TRAPPED—But
never HELD it—Not their thing—not nothing out
of my sphere—
I WANT MY THING.
But they won't let me, I won't let me
My Thing can't leave, don't leave please.
Lonely dirt road—standing me—dust—watching
speeding car fade in distance—that
Was my THING—left alone—hollow
Open for everybody's thing to live—
Rest-and-Return.

George Weaver

THE LIFE

Hey—man Yea Yow
Let's get one—yeah
You know, a bag
Let's get hip
In smooth style
Blackness is a fad
Let's deal man
That little white stick
Oh joy—you die
Wow! What a good thing
U u u h — and a white thing
Yea you know if its white its right
The hell with black power
This is our thing
White sticks — dig it
Hey — man Let's show our blackness
And go down town with the man
We'll show him, let's advocate
The black thing
Then find the white thing
Because, you know if it's white it's right.

John Brewer



THE BLACK MAN

Black man where are you? Can't you hear the cry that I yell everyday? It's the same old cry I have been screaming, the same old cry I have been yelling, and sweetheart, it's the same one I yell to the Creator so he can make you hear me. What happened to you my darling?

Do you remember the times when the sun used to shine only on you, and how beautiful and godly it made your black body? I smile when I think of those times. I used to be so glad when you would smile at me, and when we would share the same common thoughts, the same identity of a Black race. During this time we knew who we were, what we loved and what we wanted to do. You protected me and gave me many Black children that I was proud as hell to have. During the terrible labor pains that jarred my body, as I tried to give life to your child, to our child, I only felt the pain in body because in mind there was no pain. I knew that you were always by my side and most of all, I knew I was your woman.

Black man you once gave me something that I could live for. I could feel free to be a real person; I could feel free to be beautiful in my own way. Then you started to hate me. No longer to you was I your only love. A white devil misled you on a white satin path of straight silky hair, blue deceiving eyes, and a white body. My darling, my life, my soul, my Black man, you hated my guts! You hated to look at my black nappy hair and my dark brown sad eyes. My lips no longer thrilled you because they were too big. My body was too black for your hands to touch with admiration, and of all things, our child was no longer our child, it was my child. It was too black for you to want. You forced me to stand up all by myself and raise my child alone because you no longer knew who you were or what you were supposed to be. I straightened my hair and bleached my skin so I wouldn't be ashamed anymore. Everyday I see you smiling only at the bright-skinned women of our race and breaking your neck to have a white woman, marry you. You called me ugly. You made me want a bright child and a bright man so my children could be next to your ideal. I didn't want to marry a white man, have his child, change be-

liefs, but darling, you didn't want me. So, I went where I could get someone, anyone to love me. You kicked me out of your arms into the Devil's arms. I never would have been this way if you had been a man when our enemy took over our minds.

Then out of the loneliness into a world of proudness A Black man rose up. He broke his chains, put down his white ideas and became Black. He led a march of potential Black folks, got slapped and kicked by the enemy but he still kept going. He read about his once great race and learned that it was once the richest on earth. He spoke for what he believed and got thrown in jail, but he still kept going. (The most beautiful thing about it all is that he finally changed himself from Whiteness of the mind.) This is my man. This Black figure became my everything. He made me proud of myself and made me put down my straightening comb and bleaching cream. It was so nice to be loved for myself and to plan on having children that we would love no matter what complexion they be. My Black man got his mind revolutionized and insurrected and he lets his blackness flow. My darling I was a product of the oppressor but you came and dried my eyes. Thanks for making me see what a fool I had been in not seeing my own beauty. You took my hand that had been roughened by the storms of my lost identity and pulled me into your strong black arms and looked into my eyes. My Black life, my black soul, my everything, you really looked in my eyes! You touched my lips, my nose, my hair and touched my body with admiration. I felt I was beautiful once again. You knew why my eyes are sad and why I hated myself. You told me that no longer will I, your woman, stand alone and say that you the Black man are no good. We, together will build a paradise for ourselves in Blackness. You showed me that you have found the secret of life. You taught it to me and that secret is to have no fear but stand straight and tall and let the sun shine on our bodies. Our eyes will forever look toward the sun and we will plan for a revolution that will make us as great as we know we are; even if we die in the struggle—we will put the Devil back in Hell at any cost.

My Black man showed his people love; an undying love.

By Dora Ann Hinson



